VOL. 72. NO. 74.

TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1894.

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-For 1894-

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ITCHING HUMORS

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Itching Skin for Years My disease (psoriasis) commenced on my head. Spread rapidly all over my body, got under my nails. Scales would drop all the time, suffering endless, and without relief. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too much. Have made my skin as clear from scales as a baby's. All I used was \$5 worth. DENNIS DOWNING, Waterbury, Vt.

Skin Disease 9 Years Had over nine years a dreadful skin disease. First appeared a few small red spots on my breast which kept spreading slowly to my back. The spots turned gray, and began itching. Scall scales would fall off, and it continued all over my body. I tried all medicines, consulted doctors, no use. Then I gave it all up. Tried the Cuticura Remedies, they cured me entirely. My skin now pure and white as that of a child.

JOHN E. PEARSON, Whateon, Wash JOHN E. PEARSON, Whatcom, Wash.

Itched Scratched Bled Suffered three years with pimples which I had to scratch until I would bleed. After doctoring three years, tried CUTICURA REMEDIES. After using two sets am entirely cured.

A. F. GRAMM.

Photographer, Mt. Horeb, Wis.

Large Sores on Face Was greatly troubled with blood poisoning. Large sores appeared on my face. Hands were in such a condition that I could not use them. Tried numerous physicians and remedies, no benefit, tried CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am now all skin trouble. Il skin trouble.
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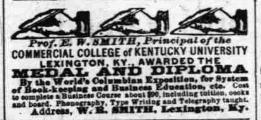
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\$525 Agents' profits per month. Will gulf streams. They are pinned on change is no robbery, and a five-dollar confederate bill is surely as valuaticle just out. A \$1.50 sample and of ten or twelve, and their goodness able as a souvenir in Syria as a bogus terms free. Try us. Chidester & Son, 28

ABOUT NOTHING.

A Story of a Story Which Would Take with the Editors.

Two Sisters Decide to Write for Some Magazine - Puzzling Over the Subject -Speculations Concerning Its Origin, Its Substance and Its End.

My little sister Patience and I

were going to write a story together. She was to write a few sentences and then I, whereupon we would send it to some magazine. When I proposed this to her she thought it a very admirable plan; only there was one important question to be settled at the very outset. What was the story to be about? This puzzled us; but then we soon decided that the tale should not be about anything, for in that case it would be much more apt to be published. If it was about something,

then it would be like so many other stories sent to the papers that no editor would take it; but if you couldn't tell what it is about, or if it course, it wouldn't be like anything else under the sun, in which case people might read it for the very novelty of the thing. It would thus serve as "light reading," since evidently people could not possibly weary their minds thinking about the things in it if there was nothing at all in it to think about. That is as clear as a fog in April.

This is what I told Patience, and she seemed to think so, too (but perhaps that was just because I did)and then we tried to start ahead with the story.

"But what people shall we put in it?" said I. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Patience, 'must people always be in a story,

as they are in a city, or on the cars?' "Why, I suppose so, if they want to be," I replied, confusedly. "But if we put them in, the be somebody in the story; and the story, by our rules, cannot be about

anybody any more than about anything-besides, it started out to be about nothing." "Well, what is nothing, Patience?"

"Why, 'nothing' is what the bees in the orchard hum about all of an August day, and the cows in the meadow low about, and the birds in branches carol about, and at which the dogs bark stormy nights; and that Bill, the chore-boy, does all day when Gran'ther isn't looking; and that idiot Jake is always thinking about; and that I learn at school when the weather is so hot the last days of the summer term; and that Pot ever offered to the public. 13tf parson said to father he was going to get for marrying old Pete, the blacksmith, and Widow Snapall; and-and-why, nothing is what lots of things do, and some things are, and others want to be, and that

father says his 'spectyoulations' always come to at last." "Then, Patience, you are a nihilist-for that, you know, means a 'nothing-man,' who says he comes from nothing and believes in nothing, and declares that he gets nothing and hopes for nothing, and tries to think that he is going at last to become nothing."

"I know nothing about nihilists," said Patience; "and, besides, we agredd that we would not put any people or any things into this story, because then there would be nothing original in it-so let us talk about nothing again!"

"But what, then, can we say but just nothing at all?" "Why," rejoined my little sister, 'you might tell them where nothing

comes from." "Oh, yes! Well, I don't know, unless it comes from somewhere (I mean nowhere) beneath the zero point in the thermometer tube, or out from the golden treasury at the end of the rainbow, or from the waters of the desert mirage, or out of the house that Jack built (but I forgot; he is a person, and we must not put him in this story), or perhaps from the north pole that nobody can find, or the fourth dimension that no-

body can think." "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Patience, "all that sounds so wise, especially the last part-too wise, indeed, to always so queer and never sensible!

"About something?"

"Yes!" with the story." nothing at all, like idiot Jake, and never be good for anything, and be treated by the people whom we couldn't put into the story just as though I wasn't of any use in the world, because I had lost what they call 'the power of thought' or something; and"-with a pretty little stews; Washington for steamed oysters. New Orleans has a specialty in broiled oysters. These are the big uscious native oysters caught in the

is beyond praise. The oysters of France and Eng-

iand are not considered as good as

those of America, but they are more of a luxury. Oyster culture is one of the industries of France. In one day, in the year 1877, twenty-two millions of oysters were gathered in the basin of Aracachon. Some of the French oysters, notably those of Cancale, were considered the best in the country, their shape being fine and their flavor excellent. The oyster beds are protected by law since the catching of the oyster has become a

science. A traveler who has eaten oysters in all lands has this to say about wild oysters:

"I never want to eat better oysters than some I found growing in the trees at Station Creek, Port Royal. I used to go out before breakfast and pick enough for a feast. They were tree oysters, and I used to take a stone to dislodge them. Sounds like a yarn, but it is true every time. The tide comes in there ten or twelve feet high, and the trees were submerged twice every twenty-four hours, and the oysters lodged in was about nothing at all, why, of them. And they stayed there and attracted more. When the tide went out they were stranded high and dry, and lazy fellows, like myself, were glad to eat them."

A man who has made the oyster a life study finds many curious and in teresting things about this mollusk. The anatomy of an oyster shows as complete an equipment of the vital features as does the human body. Seen under a microscope it is a wonder to examine. A connoisseur will tell us that it is a sin to cook an oyster, that it should be eaten with deliberation in its native liquid, out of its own shell, unspoiled by any method of cooking. But there are many people who are fond of the oyster cooked, who cannot touch it in the raw, and for these are the in- That was years ago, though, since ventions of stewed, steamed, panned, the great civil war. It was a real fancy roasts and other designs, battle, with infantry and artillery, which are produced at the restaurants with much painstaking on the and a state government changed part of cooks. While the oyster is hands as a result of it; but, though believed to be the lowest form of an- men are quite willing to tell you of imal life, it is also known to be it if you ask, not even those who acutely sensitive to noise, light and won the battle say much about it intrusion of any kind. It is not a fighter, nor has any exhibitor ever

silent. "Mum as an oyster," is a well known phrase. Innumerable jokes have been invented anent the church sociable ovster, and it was boldly declared during the popularity of a certain slang saving that the church oyster was "never in the soup." Shakespeare commemorated the bivalve in a climax of fine distinction when he

succeeded in showing to the world a

tamed oyster. It is vigilant but

"Why then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open." He Can Be Identified

John Allen, twenty-five years old five feet seven inches in height, and weighing one hundred and thirty-one pounds, has escaped from Fort Leavenworth military prison. He is a victim of the tattoo craze and has a wristlet on his left wrist, and a small ship, flowers, a crescent, a star and an anchor adorn his left hand. Rings are tattooed on several fingers, an eagle holding a shield, with a wreath on each side, is on the back of his right hand; a male bust with a wreath underneath is pricked in his upper left arm, a fullrigged ship on the lower part of the same arm, a broken dagger with a star in the center and a hand holding a bouquet; on the outer portion of the left arm a female figure holding a flag, on the right forearm outward a picture of the crucifixion; on the inside of the same arm a female bust with a wreath; on the upper part of the right arm, besides a spread eagle, a coat of arms, a large cross and crown, a flower girl, an eagle, an anchor, a cross surrounded by a wreath, an owl on the limb of a tree, a nude female figure, a heart, and more wreaths on other parts of his body.

Most Noted Engraver. John Sartain, the most widely known engraver in America, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday recently. "Probably," says the Philadelphia Record, "no living artist has done more for the advancebe put into our story; and it sounds ment of his profession in America so sensible, too, that it seems as than Mr. Sartain. In 1828 he began though it must be about something the practice of mezzotints, and thereinstead of about nothing-but it after seldom resumed the art he had can't be if you said it, for you are first learned in its purity, but combined it with stipple and mezzotint. At any rate I am so tired of talking Mr. Sartain at one time also occuabout nothing that let's stop and be- pied a prominent position in the literary world, where his memory is still green. In 1843 he became editor and proprietor of Campbell's "Why, then we could not go on Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine, and held an interest in the Eclectic "Well, let's finish, anyway!" cried Museum, which subsequently be-Patience, impatiently; "for I'm came the Eclectic. In 1848 he afraid to try in this style not to bought a half interest in the Union think about anything or anybody Magazine, which later became wide-for so long a time, since, if I do, I 'y known as Sartain's Magazine."

Honors Easy.

It is gratifying to our racial pride to learn that many of the crafty oriental fakirs in Midway who have been selling plasters, worth four cents, to the guileless American public for three dollars all summer found that a goodly proportion of their ill-gotten gains consisted of confederate and extinct state bank bills when they came to "cash in." Fair ex-Turkish plaster is as a souvenir in America. - Chicago Times.

A PICTURESQUE SIGHT.

Canal Street and the Levee at New Orleans.

The Crescent City as It Is Along the Great Handling the Huge Vreight-An Evening Scene.

Like all the cross streets of the "Crescent City," Canal street sleeps—they nearly all do a great deal of sleeping, or drowsing at leastwith the levee for its pillow. I mean the land is lower than the river when the waters are up, and the levee is an embankment along the river's margin thrown up to keep the Mississippi in its own bed, and let New

Orleans sleep peacefully on hers. What enormous quantities freight are here, in rows and piles! Bales, barrels and casks, without or flags of many colors and devices flutthe negroes who unload the boats to stevedore, who stands at the gangplank to see the mark of each package as it comes by him, and give

"Go to de blue flag! Go to de red an' velleh! Go to de white cross! Go to de check flag! Go to de blue anchor! Go to de check an' green!" It is fascinating to watch, from the upper guards of some great packet-boat, this distribution of huge treasure by the hands of these ragged black Samsons. Sometimes the orders sound'like imprecations:

black heart! Go to de green moon! Go to de black flag!" This levee was once a battlefield. and many were killed and wounded. without being asked now; for it was

offers so many pleasanter themes. When the afternoon hour is nearly five, as the lofty steamers' deeptoned bells begin to toll, and their towering funnels pour forth torrent clouds of black smoke, hundreds gather along the levee's front to see the majestic departures of the vast yet graceful crafts. One after another, with flags and pennants streaming, they back out from the landing, turning their bows upstream, fall away for a few moments before the mighty current of a river one hundred feet deep, then stand still against it, and the next moment spring forward with a peal from their parting gun and the courtesying down-run of all their bunting, and speed away, while the black deck hands, massed about the jackstaff, sing defiance to weariness and fate. All along the city's front for miles, as they pass, men and boys pull out in skiffs to "take the waves" which rise in the wakes of their great paddle-wheels; for a Mississippi river side-wheeler "tears the river wide open," as they say. In the warm months many fellows swim out instead of rowing; but, believe me, the "Father of Waters" is dangerous enough even for a skiff; it is no fit place for a swimmer. - George

W. Cable, in St. Nicholas. HOLIDAYS IN BRAZIL

Less Than Nine. thought it desirable to prove their immense veneration for the repub-

ber of holiday celebrations in its honor. There are no fewer than nine na tional holidays, namely: January 1, in honor of universal fraternity; February 24, to celebrate the approval of the Brazilian federal constitution; April 21, in bonor of the forerunners of Brazilian independence; May 3, to celebrate the discovery of Brazil; May 13, in honor of Brazilian fraternity; July 14, to celebrate the taking of the Bastile; September 7, to celebrate Brazilian independence: October 12, to celebrate the discovery of America; November 15, to celebrate the upheaval of the republic.

There are, besides, more than of commercial and manufacturing activity. But the days we have specially referred to and the objects for which they are designated indicate they pay to the theories of self gov-

The Difference.

JOKE ON A JUDGE.

"Father of Waters"—Black Samsons

with tarpaulin covers to shield them from the rain of sunbeams even more than of water drops. Scores of little ter over them. These are to enable sort their burdens as directed by the its bearer or bearers his order accordingly.

"Go to de red hand! Go to de that worst of all kinds of fighting, called factional strife, and the levee

The New Republic Rejoices In No Although the Brazilian republicans have not yet shown themselves so thoroughly imbued with republican ideas that they can run their gov ernment in an acceptable manner says the Boston Herald, they have lican system of control by the announcement of a considerable num-

twenty religious holidays which lead to a suspension of business somewhat to the detriment, it is thought, that even if the Brazilians cannot govern themselves, they can at least become enthusiastic in the tributes

Mistress-What kind of pies are these, cook?

Cook-Some av 'em is appul and some is mince. Mistress-But I told you to mark them so they could be told apart; and they are all marked T. M. Cook-So they be, mum-"'Tis mince" an' "'Tain't mince."-Judge.

Carriage Ride.

Washington Post, about Justice Gray of the United States supreme court. Judge Gray prefers riding to walking and a carriage or cab to a street car. When he first held court in Boston, he asked the United States marshal to provide him with a carriage to transport him from his hotel to the court and back to the hotel after a day's session. The marshal was commendably prompt and cheerful in complying with the wishes of the distinguished jurist. From Boston Judge Gray went to Providence to hold court. He asked the said he could not do so without paying for the vehicle out of his own

"Why, how's that?" exclaimed the astonished jurist. "The department would not allow

explained the marshal.

Judge Gray. "I don't see how he did it," protested the Providence marshal. "I "Very well," said Judge Gray. 'Of course I don't want you to pay for my carriage," and he paid for it

far as he was concerned. Not so with the Providence mar-

department here.

HIGHEST PRICED STAMPS.

Philately has scored one of those records which make prosaic people open their eyes in wonder, for the well-known stamp dealers of London, Messrs. Stanley Gibbons (limited), have just paid £680 (\$3,400)the highest price ever given for any two stamps-for the penny (red) and two-penny (blue) Mauritius stamps, issued in 1847. They were first acquired by Mme. Dubois, of Bordeaux, having been found in a merchant's office there. Mme. Dubois sold them to M. E. Lalanne in 1867. This latter gentleman has just sold his collection for 60,000f. (\$12,000) to. M. Piet Latauderie, a well-known French collector, from whom Messrs. Stanley Gibbons have purchased the two stamps mentioned. As far as is known only two other copies of these rarities exist in Englandnamely, in the nation's stamp collection, bequathed by Mr. Tapling, at the British museum. The penny in that collection is obliterated, and the two-penny unused is not so fine a copy as the present. In the whole

copies of these stamps are known.

To Roast Sucking Pig. In choosing a pig for roasting select one not older than three weeks, being particular that every part of it is thoroughly cleansed and washed with cold water; wipe perfectly dry and rub on the inside a tablespoonful of sait. For the dressing use three pints of grated breadcrumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one of minced onion, half a teaspoonful of pepper, three teaspoonfuls of salt, and one tablespoonful of powdered sage mixed together, sewing the body firmly together after filling it with this mixture. Before placing it on the rack in the dripping pan, the forefeet should be pressed forward and the hind feet backward and fastened with skewers. Dredge with salt, rub with butter, and dredge again with flour. It is a good plan to place buttered paper over each ear before placing in the oven, which should be moderately. hot. About three and a half hours are required to roast a pig of this size. Butter or salad oil is preferable for basting to water, giving also a slight dusting of flour and salt occasionally. When nearly cooked the paper may be removed from the ears, and when taken from the oven an ear of corp or a lemon may be placed in the pig's mouth. Apple sauce is very palatable served with roast pig.—Ladies' Home Jour-

Equal to the Occasion.

"Why do you wish me to be your "Because I love you-love you to

distraction." "Did you say that to Mamie Jones when you proposed to her?"

How a Marshal Gave Justice Gray

Attorney General Olney tells the following story, vouched for by the

United States marshal there to provide him with a carriage to carry him back and forth. The marshal pocket.

the account, and I'll have to pay it," "But the marshal at Boston furnished me with a carriage and had no trouble with his accounts," said ing with her own, when along comes | breach pressure of 53,800 pounds to

shal. He wrote to the Boston marshal and asked him how he managed to have his charge for a carriage for Judge Gray's use between the hotel and the courthouse allowed by the

"Easy enough," wrote the Boston an in reply. "It's plan," he continued, "that you've not been marshal long. I provided Judge Gray with a carriage and my accounts nine M. D.'s and short-haired pro- tional to the pressure, with any powwent through the department without any trouble. You see, I put the item of the judge's carriage under the head of 'care and transportation | pincenez and in its bright effulgence of prisoners."

Two Mauritius Penny Stamps Sold in London for \$3,400.

world only thirteen or fourteen

. "How could I?" "Why couldn't you?"

dignity, grace, amiability nor re- claims to be an aristocrat and of the finement. These are the qualities immediate family of the king of the that inspire ardent attachment, and Zulus. His young wife will probably you are the only girl I know who have plenty of time to repent of her possesses them in a supereminent degree. Need I say more?"

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE GIRLS WE MEET. All Charming, But of Very Different

Types. Of all the hundreds of girls that reason why they are individually other guns hitherto made, says the charming, but withal a puzzling New Orleans Times-Democrat. mixture that drives the shy man to

to the verge of distraction. Suppose a man meets Miss Abe dignified and rather cold in her propelled by a thirty-pound charge frozen and thinks that he must for- the astounding result of 3,130 feet ever preserve a demeanor in keep- per second muzzle velocity, and a young thoughts and reports him to energy of 3,216 foot tons, and means know that if I tried it that item in the rest of "our set" as awfully slow, 140 foot tons for every pound of powmy accounts would be disallowed." when in reality the poor man has derin the charge. only fallen into error by gauging

one woman by another. The demure maiden with downhimself and the incident closed so cast eves is sometimes a far worse small weight which could even vencoquette than she who boldly meets the glance of man and flashes forth inviting looks that mean absolutely nothing. The girl who takes life could sustain a pressure of 53,000 seriously is a pretty enigma that ap- pounds to the square inch. Such pears to be past finding out to the a charge and consequent presman laboring under the impression sure would rend an ordinary fivethat all women are butterflies and | inch gun of ten or twelve tons weight that to please them bon bons and into pieces. bonnets must be showered about in Nor, moreover,

extravagant profusion. Then again, men fight shy of femifessoresses, fearing they know der in the world for the same weight not what, but dreading the look of of shot and length of gun. scorn that may filter through the reveal their own dense ignorance. And yet, let it be whispered just here, no woman is so dignified, coquettish, learned or austere that there does not lurk somewhere a flaw in the armor of her indifference, and a few gentle tactics will level the battlements and make all the girls we meet alike for once in their humble submission to the power of

affection.-Philadelphia Times.

This Man Would Make Any Woman Weary of Life. A big, red-faced, jolly-looking woman got into a Niagara street-car yesterday afternoon. She was followed by a man with gray hair and

close-cropped gray mustache and a dyspeptic expression. They sat on the sunny side of the car. The man relapsed into a gloomy

silence. The woman looked around the car and tried to be cheerful. "Kind of hot," she observed.

"What?" growled the man.

"Kind of hot."

"Where?" "Here." 'Well, I guess you can stand it.' The woman took the man's sour-

ness as if she was used to it. After the car had gone a block she said: "What pretty flowers!" "What?" growled the man. "I said what pretty flowers."

"Where?" "At that house we passed." "Well, what of it?" Five minutes later she said:

Isn't that a nice baby?" "What?" "Isn't that a nice baby?" "Where?"

"There," pointing to a beautiful ittle boy on the opposite side of the "Looks like a fool." The car turned down Pearl street

and the chimes of St. Paul's were "That's nice music," said the wom-"What?"

"That's nice music." "Which?" "Why, those chimes." "Sounds like a lot of cow-bells." Do you wonder that wives some

times do not love, honor and obey? -Buffalo Express.

He Has a White Wife.

Basgoa Guzuella is a Zulu who was on exhibition at the world's fair. He left for his own country a few days ago, taking with him as his wife a fair American girl, whom he had become acquainted with at a soda fountain over which she presided at the fair. He met the girl only a few times until he found himself head over ears in love with her, and she reciprocated the attachment. In a few days more they were duly married. The young lady has no-fela-tives in the world except a brother in Texas. She is said to be thoroughly infatuated with her dusky husband, and is very anxious to get back to his native land with him. He has nine other wives there, but he says he intends to give them all "Because she had neither beauty, to his brother without delay. He choice after she has lived awhile in a Zulu hut and learned how women He had said enough .- N. Y. Press. | are treated in that country.

BROWN SEGMENTAL GUN.

Anything Else. The Brown segmental wire gun we meet daily there are no two has demonstrated more clearly than alike, which in all probability is the ever its complete superiority over all

Can Shoot Harder for Its Size Than

At the Sandy Hook proving desperation and the would-be adorer ground, under the superintendence of Capt. Frank Heath, the gun surpassed even its own record of Aua tall, queenly beauty inclined to gust last. A sixty-pound shot was manner, he is charmed, but feels of Leonard's smokeless powder, with Miss B-, who calls him an old the square inch. This muzzle velocfossil, asks him if he ever had any ity is equivalent to the muzzle

> The gun weighs only four tons: and there is not a gun in the world of anything nearly approaching that ture to fire thirty pounds of smokeless powder in a charge, nor is there a gun of four times its size that

high muzzle velocity as 3,130 feet per second been obtained propor-

The principle of this segmental wire gun is the most effective principle that has yet been invented in gunnery; and it is unintelligible why the board of ordnance does not go ahead and build them, as they are both inexpensive and easily built for use both ashore and in the bat-

teries of our men-of-war.

will that make?"

· His Arithmetic. The kid was taking his first lessons in arithmetic.

"If you eat one apple now, and one

ten minutes later, what will that make?" asked the teacher. "Two," responded the mathematician. "Then if you eat two more what

"Four." "Then if you eat two more what will that make?" "Six."

"Then three more, what will that make?' The boy hesitated a moment. "Green or ripe?" he inquired. "What difference is that?" asked the teacher, in some surprise.

"A good deal," responded the boy;

"if they're green three more'll make

me have a pain." - Detroit Free

"I Don't Think." The slang expression "I don't thing" is not so new that one may feel that he is very fresh when he uses it. It was common more than fifty years ago, when Dickens wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit." It was put into the mouth of one of the characters early in the story, and the author comments on it as being a

lavorite phrase.

The Town of Garfield. President Garfield's farm in Men tor, O., is to be cut up into building lots, the intention being to make it the nucleus of a town to be called Garfield, and to be the summer home of wealthy citizens of Cleveland, sald to be the projectors of the scheme. The farm is about twenty

miles from the center of Cleveland



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that anything else will do.
It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills; and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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